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Judge

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"THE LAST STRAW."

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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WHEN THE BUTTON disease is over thousands of men are going to catch cold.

* * *

EVERY FLYING-MACHINE has one fatal defect. The principal defect is that it can't fly.

* * *

SURE SIGNS of a hard winter—The corn-husks are very thick, and Mr. Cleveland has quit fishing.

* * *

THERE ARE NINE divisions of Tammany hall, each opposed to all the others—and John C. Sheehan.

* * *

MR. HILL thinks for his part that fire and water can be made to fuse. That is his unwritten principle and law.

* * *

THE FACT that wheat goes up while silver goes down punctures two-thirds of Mr. Bryan's argumentative tire beyond recovery.

* * *

THE FATHER of Mr. Bryan favored honest money; but we must not forget, in behalf of the populistic method of argument, that he is now dead.

* * *

WE ARE TOLD by the Syracuse *Post* that the Democratic party is "sowing to the wind." Well, where's the harm? Doesn't it furnish the wind, too?

* * *

THERE MAY be a sort of providence in behalf of Thomas Watson. His throat is so sore that he can't talk, and therefore he will get some votes.

* * *

MR. BAYARD has the spirit of a man even against the danger of English displeasure. He wrote a long letter in opposition to Bryanism and signed it with his own name.

* * *

WILBUR F. PORTER ought to be aware that he is occupying the place to which John Boyd Thacher was regularly nominated. He is not only irregular, but a base usurper.

* * *

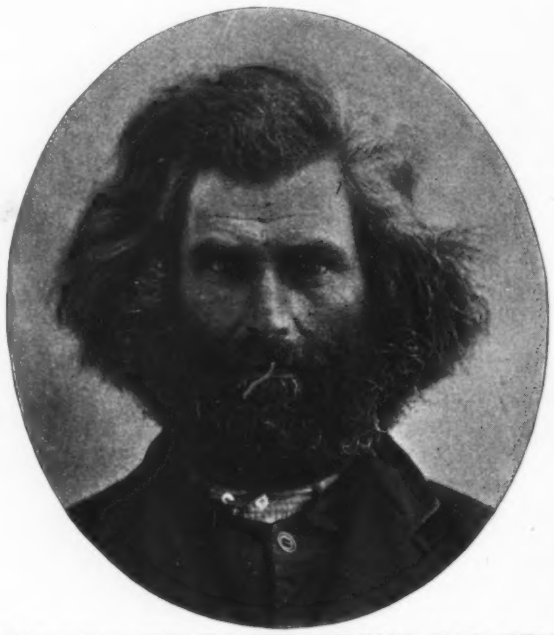
FRANK S. BLACK, it is argued by some newspapers, ought to be whipped because a man in Troy has become a defaulter. Then, too, there were the crimes of the Bender family in Kansas.

* * *

THE TWO or three up-the-state Democratic papers that fly the flag of Bryan devote themselves almost wholly to foreign and scientific matters, and have had some of the most learned articles we ever read.

* * *

PERHAPS the Democratic party will be continued. It may be found advisable to save the pieces. In that case the party will be built up from the fragment found at Indianapolis and the brief section discovered by the Shepard, or ship, Democracy in Brooklyn And thus shall the stone rejected by the silver builders become the head of the corner.



"NOW, YOU SON-OF-A-GUN, GET YOUR HAIR CUT!"

(*From* JUDGE, *April 21st, 1894.*)

From a photograph of a native of Ohio who swears he will not have his hair cut till he is assured of McKinley's election to the presidency of the United States.

(*Photograph sent to us by S. G. Roloson, Delphos, Ohio.*)

ABUSING THE DEAD.

QUOTATIONS from dead men by Mr. Bryan are generally so false that one wonders there isn't an early resurrection for the purpose of retaliation. It's a bad man who strikes another in that way when he is down or dead; and an educated people will make it as unprofitable as it is mean. But alas! Great Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, must open mouths to let the Bryans bray.

WOMEN AS RECEIVERS.

THREE WOMEN LAWYERS of this town have been appointed receivers in supplementary proceedings. The contesting parties have our congratulations. It is even possible that there may be settlements in their cases before the money involved is altogether exhausted. For women are naturally honest and conscientious, and they are given to mercy in behalf of men who come within their jurisdiction.

THE NEXT.

PERHAPS TEMPLE HOUSTON will be the next popocratic candidate for president. He is noble and lives out west. His picture shows a stalwart with a fine face, and he wears his trousers without suspenders. He killed a young man. Then the young man's father, who is a judge, spat in the face of one of his children; and then he killed the father. Many newspapers of his locality praise him for his nobility of character. We feel quite sure that he is likewise a cowboy orator.

BUSINESS AND THE FLAG.

MR. HILL'S PAPER, the Elmira *Gazette*, insists that the flag shall have no candidates' names on it. It holds, we suppose, that such names are a species of advertisement, and for that reason they defile the banner as might an announcement by any grocer. There is much to be said on both sides of this proposition; but, in order to save space, let us come rapidly to the conclusion that the only proper place to advertise is in the prevailing newspaper.

THE SUNDAY BICYCLE.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH of Brooklyn invites young persons to come to its Sunday-school on their bicycles, and has provided racks for the safety of those vehicles. That is the beginning of the end. No man or woman will be chided for taking advantage of this sensible liberalism, and in due time every shed for the accommodation of horses on Sundays will be torn down. And thus the problem whether to work horses on Sunday for church purposes will be happily solved.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

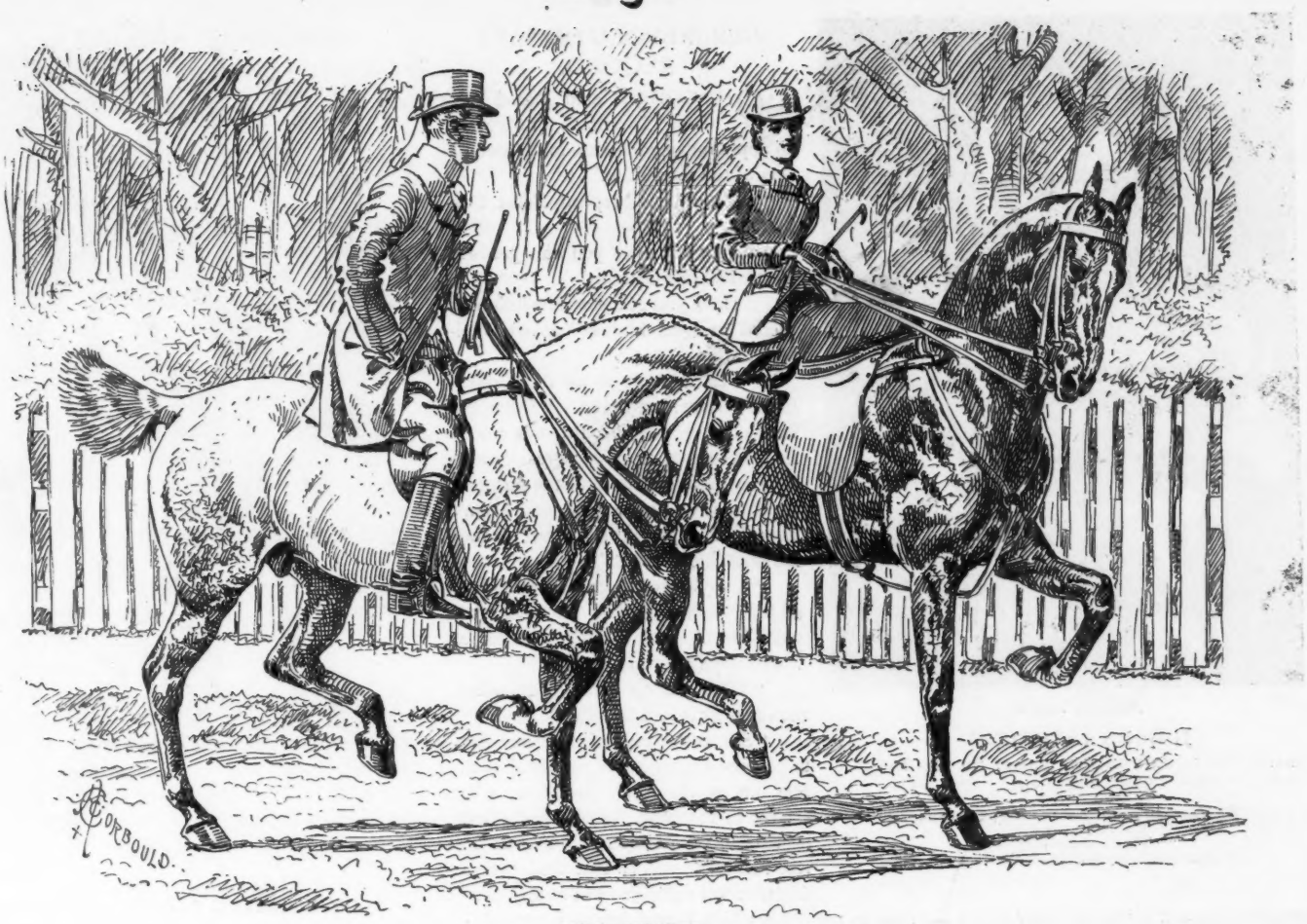
THE IDEAS IN PICTURES to which Mr. du Maurier devoted himself so many years were the brevities which come from analyzation and condensation. He studied fads and their effect, and knew them by heart; and a picture told their whole story, as Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" told the story of the hatred nursed by certain classes for the invading Chinese. It is therefore the more curious that, at sixty, Mr. du Maurier should have written at such great length and so successfully.

THEATRICAL SLUSH.

A STAGE-KICKER has herself sued for a large milk-bill, and the evidence on the trial shows that she bathes in milk every day. The milk sold her is blue and has apparently been mixed with some pure but nevertheless repulsive water. Then the reporters get after her, and she gets columns of advertising for nothing. Shall we blame her, or for that matter the truly wicked sisters? Well, for one thing, the sensational dailies print too much slush and get in return for it nothing but disgust.

TALKED HIMSELF TO DEATH.

"'TRILBY' has killed me," said Mr. du Maurier just before he died. It strikes us that Mr. Bryan may truthfully say the same thing of his oratory. It was delightful at Chicago. It was for a time very successful. But it went on and on, and directly it invited the criticism which showed it to be sound without sense. The novelist made no mistakes, but he died. Mr. Bryan has many times been exhausted by his oratory, and in a few days he will pass on, to be heard of in national politics no more forever.



HER CHOICE.

HE—"Wouldn't you rather ride in the country than in the park?"
SHE—"No, indeed. There is nobody to look at one in the country."

THE PENALTIES OF KNOWLEDGE.

He (up-town colored gentleman, at breakfast-table)—"Mahaley, hab de table 'pintments in de way ob de linen ben wash fresh dis mawnin'?"

She—"Dey sholey is, Gawge."

He—"An' hab de chaney ben treated wif a disrefectent baf?"

She—"Man alive! is yo' deef an' dumb an' blin', dat yo' cain't feel nuffin'? Dey is pipin' hot yit."

He—"Hah! An' is de same disrefectent sprinkle libral fro out de room?"

She—"Hit am thicker dan de dust hitse'f."

He—"Den foh Gawd's sake, honey, fumigate yo' han's an' le's eat de breakfas' quick, befoh any ob dem demonbolical, wicious lil cholera microcopes gits a chance to crawl in—O-o-ow! Foh heaben sake, w'at am dat a-lopin' up to de tatah-dish? A microcope, Mahaley, a microcope! Run foh yo' life!"

She—"Har, yo' Gawge, come back! 'Tain't no microcope dis time. Hit's on'y a pore lil harm—harm—harmless a-nt! Befoh de Lawd, I's dat frazzled an' razzled dat my narves is clean kerflumexed; dey pintedly is."

He (sitting down again with ghastly face)—"'Pears laik dey ain't no kin' ob peace on yearth, no moah, wif dese heah lil orney"——

She (sobbing)—"Measlly!"

He (viciously)—"Blarsted!"

Both together—"Mi-cro-copes!"

ELIZABETH A. VORE.

HAD THE LAUGH ON THEM.

DE GANG—"Say, Chim, give us an apple"

CHIM—"Naw! on'y las' week yer ducks wuz jollyin' me baggy pants, an' now yer tink yer kin give me a brace fer dere contents Well, yer can't. See?"

THE ADVANCE OF WOMAN.

"WHAT did you have for discussion at the last meeting of the woman's club?"

"Oh, just perfectly lovely water-ice and cake."

USEFUL TO THE COMPREHENSIVE.

"It beats all what these city folks won't git up next. Naow, I s'pose all I've got t' do ef a fire breaks aout is t' grab me duds an' jump frum th' winder."

Photo. by Schloss.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

JEANNETTE LOWRIE IN "AN ENEMY TO THE KING."

You, fair soubrette,
Content as yet
To play your minor rôle to such perfection,
Will find some day
That you can play
A great one better for the recollection.

HER REVOLUTIONARY RECORD.

"OH, GIRLS!" said Mabel Fosdick, "I've made up my mind to apply for membership in the daughters of the revolution."

"Have you?" replied Nellie Gaskett.

"Are you sure you can get in?" asked Blanche Gazzam.

"Have you got your revolutionary record straight, Mabel?" asked Winifred Larkin.

"Yes, in reply to all those questions," Mabel answered. "I can get in, and I've got my revolutionary record straight—or at least my great-grandfather's, which is more to the purpose. He fought at Bunker Hill, and I don't know how many more places, during the revolutionary war."

"I'm glad you've got that straight," added Winifred Larkin, "for then you won't be like another friend of mine, whom none of you know."

"What about her?" demanded the other girls in a breath.

"She conceived a desire one day to become a daughter of the revolution. She knew she had ancestors who fought in that war, for she had often heard her grandmother mention it. But her grandmother had died before this friend of mine decided to apply for membership, and it was not easy to get the links in the chain which bound her to her revolutionary ancestor. However, she heard of another branch of the family living in the west—in California, I think—and she wrote for information regarding the revolutionary hero. The California branch of the family had heard that an ancestor had taken part in the struggle, but it had no records. However, the address of another forty-second cousin was inclosed, who might possibly have some definite information. He lived in New Orleans. He was written to, but was sorry to be unable to throw any light on the situation. He knew that a member of the family did actually fight in the revolutionary war, but beyond that he could say nothing. There was an old uncle, though, of an antiquarian turn of mind up in Vermont. No doubt he would have some old letters bearing on the subject. The uncle's address was given, and the New Orleans man hoped he would be able to answer his cousin's inquiries satisfactorily. The Vermont uncle was written to, and he had all the information that was needed."

"At last!" exclaimed the girls.

"Yes, at last; but what do you suppose was the nature of it?"

"Go on!" "Tell us!" the girls cried.

"The uncle replied that there was no doubt that the applicant's ancestor was actively engaged in the revolutionary war. In fact, he had indubitable evidence that he fought on the English side and was actually captured by the patriots and executed as a spy."

ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER.

IDENTIFYING NONCHALANCE.

JACK SPORTER—"Let's go round the corner and see the fight."

FRIEND—"Fight! How do you know there is a fight around the corner?"

JACK SPORTER—"'S-s-t! this officer approaching is trying to appear too unconcerned."

A LEGITIMATE EXCEPTION.

HE—"Do you think of me all the time?"

SHE—"Ye-es—except when I am shopping."

A RUSTLER.

Sapsmith—"Why is it that we nevah see Cholly Cute any moah?"

Sissington—"He is busy all the time nowadays."

Sapsmith—"Howwors! Has the fellah gone into twade?"

Sissington—"No, but he is cultivating a mustache and learning to wide a wheel at the same time."

AN INVALUABLE AUXILIARY.

PROFESSOR HYPNIT—"Now, young lady, you will greatly assist the test by remaining passive. So—er—concentrate your mind on nothing."

ETHEL—"Oh, Cholly, how fortunate you came with me! Proceed, professor."

HE WAS GRATEFUL.

"UPDIKE," said Fosdick, who had answered the telephone ring, "here's a message saying that your house is burning down."

"Thank heavens!" replied Updike fervently.

"What makes you say that? Is it insured for several times its value?"

"Oh, no; but my wife has cards out for a pink tea for to-morrow afternoon and now she can't have it."

THE THINKING HABIT.

THINKING is a bad habit. Thoughts and a quarter with a hole in it are two things that nobody cares for. Some people have thoughts to give away—like, for instance, the men who wrote those things called proverbs, such as "The early bird catches the worm." Now this is a great thought. If I had a thought like that I would pour alcohol on it and put it in a glass bottle to show to my friends. Any person ought to be proud of a thought like that, and the entire family ought to rent a larger house on the strength of it.

THE UNIVERSAL CURSE.

Housewife—"It is dreadful to think what whisky will bring a man to."

Tramp—"That's so, mum. Afore I took t' de road I never thought I would hev t' eat sich things ez are bein' handed out t' me every day."

JUST AS GOOD.

MRS. FINNEGAN—"Well, Patsy, did yez shtand at th' head av yure class at school to-day?"

PATSY FINNEGAN—"No, mother; but I stood *on* th' head uv me class after school an' kicked th' deuce out uv 'im."

1. "Great Santa Claus! I believe I've got those very symptoms.——

2. —— Yes, the deadly languor——

3. ——the unaccountable dizziness——

4. ——heart burnings——

5. —— terrible pains and throbs in the head——

6. ——the awful choking sensation——

7. —— the ringing in the ears——

8. —— with the horrible pains in the back——

9. ——and the spots before the eyes.——

10. ——Oh, Lord! that settles it."

11. "Get up, you old idiot! and go down and chop some wood."

THE PATENT-MEDICINE ADVERTISEMENT AND THE NERVOUS GENTLEMAN.

BIMBY'S DOG.

"I PUYS mineselluf dot tog fon a man in der Powery sdreed. He saidt dot vas der most intelligence tog I nefer saw. He cooms in py mine saloon undt saidt, 'Sed 'em oop'; undt, py Jiminy! dot tog sed oop on his packbone sdraid as a mackerel. He saidt dot tog vas in a Sunday-school bic-nic, undt he finds a silfer prandy-flask, undt he hides id undt comes aroundt undt shmells der preath ohf der beoples till he comes to dot Sunday-school scooperintendent undt den prings him dot flask. Nein; dot vas nod a dachshund. Der man saidt dot he got long dat vay pecause he shased a cat into a four-inch gas-bipe, undt vhen dey pull him oud he vas a foot longer. He don'd chase cats into a four-inch gas-bipe any more alreaty; he yoost shtops der hole oop mit a biece ohf bark undt leaves id. I laughs mine oudsides all into shmall bieces mit dot tog. Dot feller saidt I could bust oop der market, for I vould alvays be long on dog. Uf you shteb on his tail in der saloon you hear howls in der pack yard. Does he suck eggs? Nein; he yoost shews 'em oop whole in his mout'." And Bimby wiped off his bar with his coat-tail and kicked the end of the dog which appeared in sight.

A HEAVY LOAD.

"Just me blawsted luck. Nobody to carwy me valise when I habsolutely want 'em."

NO SPOILS TO THE VICTOR.

IN THE days when the Canadian Pacific railway was constructing bridges and tracks and towns en route there lived at Yale, British Columbia, an unassimilated population with varying occupations. An eccentric old gentleman, Major M——, was the official and private time-keeper of the place, besides serving his country in many other capacities. He had made a sun-dial of which he was inordinately vain, and by which he regulated the working days, hours and times of relaxation of the entire population. There was no other way, indeed, of keeping clocks on time. Yale lived punctually in those days, and the major was a person of much importance.

When the railway was completed, however, the sun-dial was no longer a necessity, and people began to talk of railroad time. In vain the major jeered at the innovation. When *he* should be convinced that the Almighty had delegated his powers to a snip of a telegraph-operator he would set his watch by the station-clock. In the meantime the sun was good enough for him—and so on. His sarcasm enlivened the winter months, but hours of work and times of meeting continued to be fixed by advice from Victoria.

When even the church-bells ceased ringing precisely as the clock in the waiting-room struck eleven, although Major M——'s sun-dial registered a quarter of the hour, his wrath accumulated to the bursting point.

There was but one course open to a man of spirit, namely, to go to church at the correct time, no matter what all the idiots in the place did. Hence, every Sunday morning, at exactly fifteen minutes after the service had begun, Major M—— walked sturdily up the aisle to a seat near the front, with the air of a man who has the sole and undivided approval of Providence.

Naturally after a time amusement changed into annoyance, and the rector was moved to remonstrance. At the outset of his interview with the major there was an acrimonious discussion ranging from Columbus to the latest political scandal. When things became more pacific the clergyman came down to pleading,

"Don't be pig-headed, old man; you know as well as I that when the employés of the road go by one time the town must adopt the same. And it's very disturbing to me personally to have my old friend come in a quarter of an hour after the service has begun."

At length the major gave a doleful promise.

"I'll do it for you," he said gloomily; "and I suppose the next thing," he ended grimly, "you'll want me to sing

"'Awake my soul, and with
the C. P. R. time-table
Thy daily stage of duty
run.'"

And thus, in one guise, the major is still ahead of the populace as represented by the rector.

MADGE ROBERTSON.

NO DANGER.

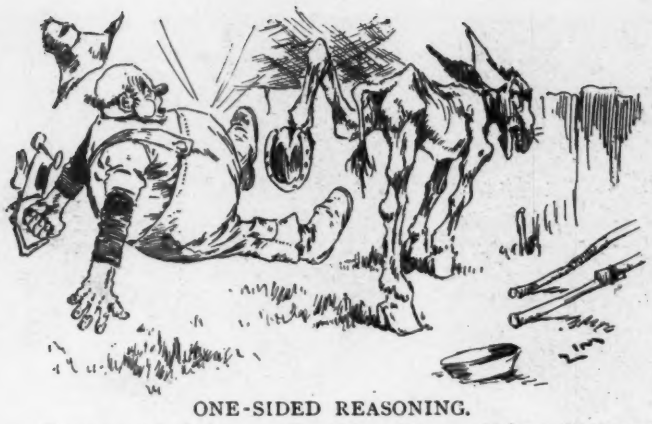
SILAS PETERS (*highly excited*)—"All th' caows is dryin' up, pa."
FARMER PETERS (*calmly*)—"Wot uv it? Th' *pump* ain't."

ONLY FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE.

FLOWERY FIELDS—"Wot's Weary doin' over dere?"
BOWERY STAGGERS—"Tryin' ter make out he's respectable. He's jes' begged a dime, an' he's tossin' it up ter see whedder he shall git a drink er a shave. Heads he gits a drink; tails he don't git a shave."

ILLUSTRATED LETTER.

The Gall, Brass & Nerve company (unlimited). Gentle benefactors—My father, who is a druggist, determined to cure me of foot-ball playing; and when all legitimate means failed he providentially thought of your world-renowned and justly celebrated "Ananias hair-invigorator." He gave me one dose and secured this permanent cure. You are truly to be congratulated upon your wonderful remedy. As my parent only made a profit of three hundred per cent. (an insignificant profit to a druggist) he said he knew it must be a wonderful remedy. Again thanking you for your marvelous cure, I am yours sweetly, WILLET NEVERGROW.



ONE-SIDED REASONING.

FARMER—"Gosh darn yer ol' mulish soul! yer makin' a reg'lar jackass o' yerself."

A FAILURE.

"THEN Susie's marriage was a failure?"

"Yes; she couldn't get a divorce."

HOW TRUE.

WHAT is it that a farmer can raise and always be sure to have a crop?

A chicken.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF IT.

SHE—"Horrors! what a fright I look! I'll resign from the foot-ball club at once."

THE BROOKLYN MAN'S PET TREE.

I HAVE often been keenly struck by the solicitous care which a Brooklynite lavishes upon the solitary, long-suffering tree which stands despondently before ninety-nine out of one hundred of the real Brooklyn homes, with a coat of sorry, pale, yellowish-white whitewash upon its nether limbs and a drabbled cotton-batting ballet-skirt about its slender, emaciated trunk. I do not think persons would say so many thoughtless, unkind things about Brooklynites if they would go among them and study their inmost lives as I have.

I am acquainted with a Brooklynite who, whenever he gets a new, expensive patent medicine for his children, never fails to buy some of it also for his pet tree; and he is always particularly on the lookout, when he is riding in the trolley-cars, for the advertisement of any new malaria-cure highly recommended by leading actresses and pugilists; for he is greatly worried over the way the smaller branches and leaves of his pet tremble and quiver whenever the wind is the least off the sea.

Another Brooklyn friend has had a pet infant tree which has been a great invalid, and over which he has worried a great deal. He assures me that the only way he ever succeeded in carrying it through the hot weather of the past summer was by having the hired girl hold a parasol over it during the sunny part of the day and fan it very gently.

A third Brooklyn friend and his wife have a pet tree in front of their place which is large and healthy-looking to the casual observer, yet neither of its proud possessors has slept a whole night for the past month owing to their anxiety about it, and they are daily watching it from hour to hour, prepared for the worst. They tell me that, as they sat on the front stoop silently admiring their pet one afternoon, a thoughtless boy chased a small stray kitten up it, while they were powerless to interfere from their horror at hearing the kitten's cruel claws entering its bark. This tree is particularly dear to them, the gentleman having nearly wrecked his constitution smoking gift-cigars under it evenings for the past fifteen summers to relieve it of army-worms and mosquitoes. My friend hurried and, getting a ladder, took the offending kitten down with trembling hands as soon as possible, when a sympathizing neighbor carried it far away to Jamaica. On returning that gentleman hinted darkly about the outgoing tide carrying a suicide kitten off to sea, with a brickbat charm tied to its necklace of string; but, nevertheless, there is not a dweller on that block who does not go about with a nervous, haunted look, or who is not sitting up uneasily until the scandalously late hour—for a Brooklynite—of half-past nine o'clock, nights, watching his or her pet tree, fearful, in the knowledge of a cat's peculiar ability to return to its old haunts, lest at any unguarded moment the kitten should reappear.

CON. CONVERSE.

IRONY.

He engaged passage on this ship because they set such a good table.

SO FAR AS HE KNEW.

"ARE you well?"

"I believe so, yet I can't say positively; I haven't had time to look up the new diseases in to-day's paper."

HER IMPRESSION.

"PAPA," whispered Edith as the prima-donna paused for breath, "all her sing is of the whistly kind, isn't it?"

A CHAIN OF FAMILIAR FACES WHEN LIFE IS SLOWLY EBBING AWAY.

TAMMANY
RIOT
WATSON

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THE DELUGE.

EXIGENCIES OF TRADE.

"HOW would this free-silver business affect your trade?" asked a citizen of Mose Gargleheimer, who carries on a ready-made clothing trade on Ann street. Mose was sprinkling a last-year's overcoat with a watering-pot and sweeping it off with a floor-broom.

"Dot vould made a deefrance in our shtyle of doin' peesness, dot vhas all."

"How would it be different, Mose?" asked the citizen.

"Dot is dead easy. Ve vouldn't hafe to pud any pockets in our clodings, undt vould gife avay a neckshtrap undt a vheelparrow mit efery suit." And the citizen scratched his head as he walked away, and Mose searched the pockets of the overcoat and, finding a silk handkerchief, clapped a placard on it, reading, "Just imported. Cheap at fifty cents," and thus went on with business.

SOUND ADVICE.

THE CLAM (*to the oyster*)—"Why don't you follow the example of an old rounder and shut up once in a while? Every time you open your face you get into broils and stews!"

MISS MARY ELLEN EASTSIDE AND THE FIRE.

THE parlor-lamp caught fire the other night. I always knew it would, from the time I made one of those paper shades for it last Christmas.

Nobody knows how it caught. George had just lit it. I was always afraid to go near the thing. George says, "Now, Mary Ellen, run for water and don't yell." "Don't yell," indeed! You can just bet yer I yelled! Tommy was down with the measles, but he up out o' bed an' run with an old piece of hose he had.

Bob an' his intended was in the dinin'-room—she passes her evenin's with us mostly now, as she lives in a boardin'-house an' Bob is studyin' a course of electricity nights. They both run t' help George, who'd got the parlor rug up an' had threw it over the lamp an' upset it. As he run Bob told ma t' gether up a few things in a bedquilt for him to carry out.

When I got back from the kitchen with water the room was full of smoke, an' I jumped up on a chair to pull the porchers down that was afire an' burnt off my bangs an' my eyebrows an' eyelashes. George grabbed me an' buried my face in his coat, or I might ha' been worse burnt than I was.

Somebody 'd turned in an alarm, an' just as we got the fire put out the engine come Tommy was so disappointed he cried. But the poor kid wasn't very well.

A GOOD BUTTER-NUT.

Ma got her insurance all right, but when I wanted the agent to allow me something for my bangs and eyebrows he said he couldn't think of it; it hadn't hurt my beauty a bit. He was an Irishman.

I wish you could see the bundle ma got ready for Bob. Four men couldn't have carried it acrost the room. It had the fam'ly bible an' pa's big crayon picture an' gran'pa's an' gran'ma's, a little smaller, an' four big photograph albums an' all our silver an' gran'ma's Dutch tea-set an' the gas-stove an' Bob's best suit an' Tommy's baby-clo'es an' my first doll; an' poor ma was a-pilin' on pillers an' beddin' an' table-linen, when Bob come an' told her the fire was out.

George got his han's burnt some, an' laid off work for a few days, an' whenever he's the least bit sick he always gets very sentimental. Him an' me was sittin' out on the pier one afternoon—I had on a thick veil an' his hands was done up in cotton; an' he says t' me, "Mary Ellen, I dare you to come right round with me now to a minister's an' get married!" An' I says,

"I'd be a sweet-lookin' pilgarlic for a bride, wouldn't I? I guess I'll wait till I get a little hair on my face, anyway!"

MADELINE ORVIS.

SURE, it's th' poor praicher thot must talk loike th' deuce whin he has nothin' at all t' say.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

"Mosh 'strordinary thing—can't move shingle shtep forward; my backsh positively glued to this wall (hic)!"

SHANTYTOWN WHISPERS.

PAT—"Did yez hear about ut?"

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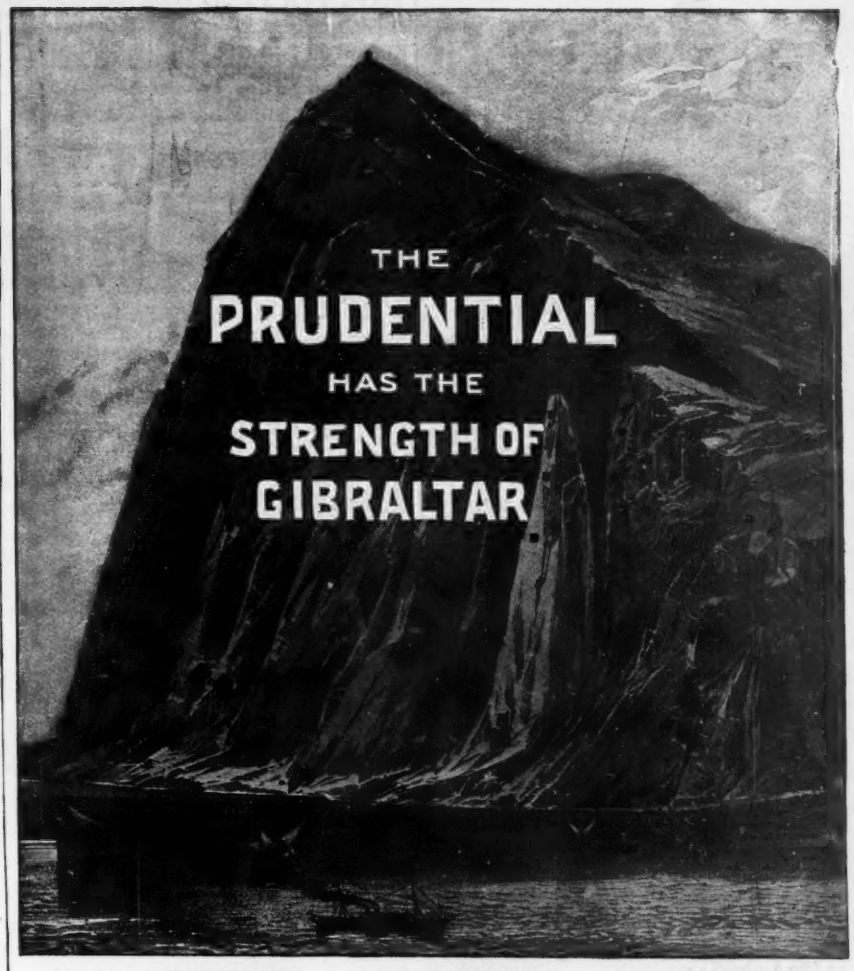

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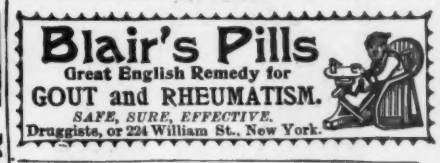

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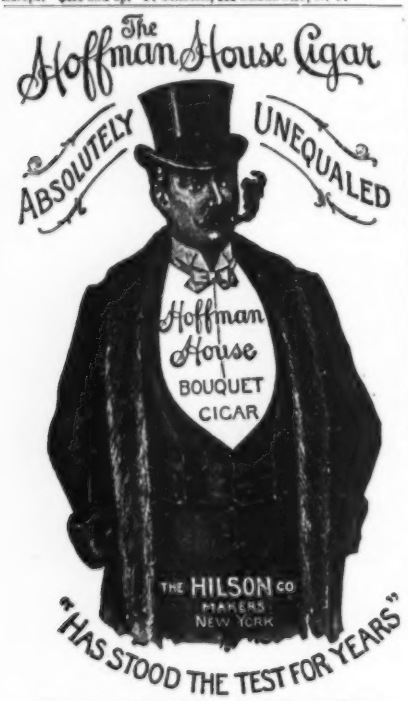

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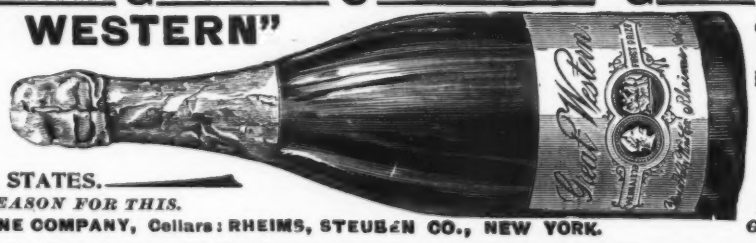

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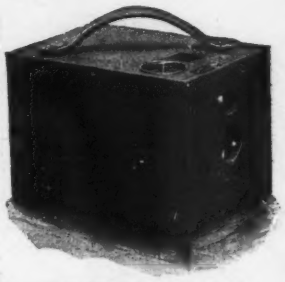

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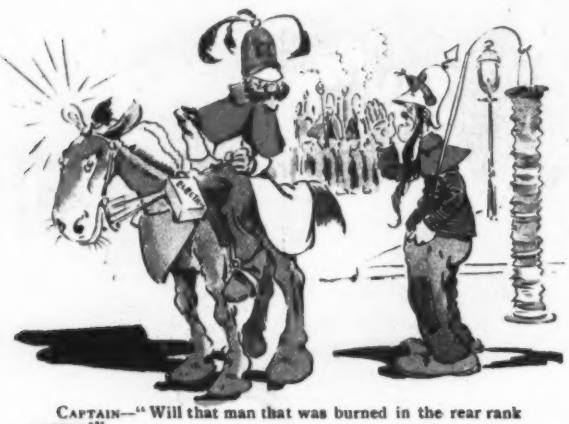
Judge

Thompson street "hot stuff" out in gay campaign colors.

MAJOR MCMANUS—"Carpor'l Casey will see thot we hov th' hoshpittle courps doubled to-night—our loine av ma-r-r-ch goes troo Thompson street, where all thim Raypublican coons live."

The campaign paraphernalia will come in handy for fishing outfits.



CAPTAIN—"Will that man that was burned in the rear rank recover?"
CORPORAL O'DONNELL—"T'ank hiven, yes, captin. It wor green foire he wor burned wid."

The Podunk "sound-money" aggregation had no torches, but their pumpkin patches came in mighty handy in this emergency.

CAPTAIN—"I can't do anything with that hobo crowd you hired to swell the ranks."
NAPOLEON HOCKSTEIN—"Vhy?"
CAPTAIN—"By gosh! they've discovered the alcohol in the torches."

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CAMPAIGN OF '96.